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The Latest of the Arts.

Music is the most modern of all the arts, and depends far less than either of the sister arts, whether for its models or its inspiration, upon the great monuments of antiquity. In its greatest perfection, music is a thing of yesterday; and there are men still living who saw and communed with Beethoven, whose best works have been written within the present century. This is not so with the other arts. Sculptors can look back to the dim mysterious times before the birth of Christ for inspiration from the best examples of Greek art; and though the works of Phidias, Praxiteles and Lisippus may, for the most part, have perished, their fame has not faded away; and some copies of their works still remain. The works which serve as models for the sculptor and architect, and which are to him precious relics of a lost past, are all venerable with age, and bear the impress of a long procession of centuries. The "colossi," in the British Museum, which formed the avenue to Apollo's Temple at Branchidæ; the reliefs, in the Louvre, from Assos and Thasos; the pediment groups, at Munich, from the Temple of Ægina; and the various statues and temples which the sculptor or architect regards as classic models, and worships with a veneration deepened by the fact that time has left so many marks on them—these are all covered with hoar antiquity, and are guarded with jealous care because they are among the few relics of antique art which remain to us. The painter, again, though he does not go back nearly so far for his best models as the sculptor and architect, has yet to reach back through three or four centuries to find some of the great classic masters of his art. Titian, Paul Veronese, Vandyck, Rembrandt, and the bright galaxy of painters who together constitute the golden age of painting, all belong to an era which has now been long past. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the best days of the great masters of painting, and not many of them lived in the seventeenth. Of all the arts, music came latest. When Phidias and his Greek brethren were carving those monuments of art which have made them famous, painting was not an art in the sense in which we use the word "art"; while music was in, at best, a condition little better than barbarous; and the Greek music of which we have any knowledge can as little be ranked as musical art as the rude caira of the Esquimaux deserves to be called an art-temple. The musician has no "antiquity" filled with works of art; and even painting, which, as compared with sculpture, is a modern art, is an ancient art as compared with music, seeing that, while the greatest of the painters were working, Palestrina was only just beginning to put forth his strength in the way of sketching out a ground-plan of musical art; while the giants, Bach and Handel, who were really the beginners of music as we know it, were not born till Palestrina had been dead near upon a century. Lully, it is true, died before either Bach or Handel was born; but Lully gave shape at most to only one form of musical art. The great musicians are, as compared with the founders of other arts, all well within our reach; and it was but yesterday, so to speak, that Bach wrote his fugues, Handel his oratorios, Haydn his symphonies, Mozart his masses and operas, and Beethoven his sonatas. Music as an art has only just had its beginning, compared with other arts; and the musician has, in point of time, no antiquity to venerate. His inspiration must be drawn, and his models selected, from the works of men who are, from

an art point of view, almost his contemporaries.

In selecting material for the embodiment of their ideal forms of beauty, men apparently sought first those substances which they regarded as most durable. Stone and marble were first chosen, because they were the materials which it is thought would last longest. When this vein was well worked, and men sought another kind of material, canvas and color were fixed on as being next to stone in point of endurance; and after the partial decadence of sculpture, painting was the medium for the expression of man's highest sense of the beautiful. But the musician, who came latest, could use neither stone nor canvas, but must write his creations on a piece of paper, which a child could tear into a thousand pieces! And to a superficial observer it would appear that this art, born last of all the arts, should die first, because of the fleeting nature and fragile texture of the materials used for its embodiment. In fact, there are people who do not scruple to say that music, because of its perishable nature, has no right to be considered among the arts at all; the material on which it writes its forms is but paper, and the impression it produces is but momentary. So, with these short-sighted people, music is not to be ranked as an art at all. But it is for this very cause that music as an art will live longer than all the other arts—the germ of its immortality lies hidden within the fragile material of which it makes use. It is this very perishableness which, rightly regarded, constitutes the glory, and will firmly secure the permanency of music as an art. It constitutes its *glory*, because it enables the great models to be produced in a thousand places at once. We venerate the actual paper on which Beethoven wrote, because his hand had touched it; but far more do we venerate the forms of beauty there written. That single form is perishable, but what is written there cannot die. The statue or the picture dies because its form is lost when its substance perishes; the symphony or the oratorio will live through all time because, though its material substance may perish, the forms embodied in that substance are imperishable. The student of sculpture or painting, if his studies are to be complete, must travel to Rome, Venice, Berlin, Paris, London, and New York; for in each of these places are works of art the like of which can be seen nowhere else; and he who studies those arts in only one of these cities, must to some extent form an incomplete notion of them. Your statue or your painting must be in one place, and people must come to it to profit by it. A thief may take it, or a fire destroy it in a moment. You may have to travel half over the world to see it at all. But the oratorio, the symphony, or the manifold forms of musical beauty, are not so localized; and it is the glory of music that, because of the light material on which it works, you can take it all over the globe, and produce and reproduce it in every corner of the habitable world. This is the glory of the musical art, that its models of beauty can be enjoyed in a thousand places at once; and this is only possible because its material is so unenduring. And yet this is the secret of its *permanence*, as well as of its *glory*. The hand of time spoils the picture and wears down the statue. The art-temple will one day crumble to dust, and the day will come when no single vestige of the works of the great painters shall remain. But this will never be the case with a musical art-work. The hand of time cannot touch it; the procession of the

centuries can commit no ravages upon it; the storms which sweep away other works of art, will leave it unscathed; it is imperishable. Why? *Because it cannot be localized.* It uses material (we are sure the apparent paradox will be understood) which is immaterial, intangible, not to be destroyed or even affected by those influences which slowly, but surely, decay the grosser materials upon which the other arts work. The musician in London, or Melbourne, or New York, has all the great art monuments upon his shelf, and they are of such a nature that time cannot touch them. The thin film of printing ink which, in the shape of notes, covers the page on which is printed a great musical work, is the measure of the permanence of that work. It is enshrined in ten thousand hearts, and cannot perish. When the Temple of Minerva, or the "St. Peter" of Guido, have forever perished from the face of the earth, musical forms will live, for ten thousand years cannot crumble to dust one of Beethoven's symphonies, because their continuance does not depend at all upon the permanence of the actual material on which they were written. This is why music, the youngest of the arts to come to perfection, and, apparently, the least enduring, will outlive all the rest.

Although it is true that the musician has no antiquity to look back to, yet it must not be supposed that we ignore the great truth, admitted by the men who take highest rank as musicians, that the primary musical instincts of the human mind are as old as humanity itself. The great themes set forth so simply by the basses in unison in the last movement of the 9th Symphony of Beethoven might, with but a slight change, have been the Æolian mode of the Greeks. When we say the musician has no antiquity to venerate, we of course simply mean that its great principles have ever been in existence, but that its material and artistic developments are essentially modern. Just as Phidias helped to make an antiquity for sculptors, and Titian for painters, so every man who does real art-work as a musician, is making an antiquity for generations yet unborn. But if the work is to live, it must be done for art's sake, and not for self. This is the difference—and almost the only difference—between work that is mortal, and work that is immortal—the one is done for self, the other for Art. He who does musical work of the latter sort, is helping to make a musical antiquity, and to raise a monument which no lapse of time can reach.—*Lon. Mus. Standard.*

Mendelssohn's Early Symphonies.

(From the Programme of the Crystal Palace Concerts.)

The twelve unpublished symphonies of Mendelssohn, of which the one performed to-day is the last, were composed between the years 1820 and 1823. To appreciate these dates we must remember that Mendelssohn attained his 11th year on the 3rd of February, 1820, and his 14th on the 3rd of February, 1823. No 13 is that in C minor for full orchestra, usually called "No. 1," dated March 3 and March 31, 1824, the autograph of which is in the library of the Philharmonic Society.

The progress made by the composer during these thirteen works is unmistakable. The first seven are small in size, and slight in construction, and limited to the string quartet. But with No. 8—that is to say, after the return from the Swiss tour in 1823—a very marked development commences. The number and length of the movements increase; their form

is varied; the *nuances* are greatly multiplied; from No. 10 the quintet takes the place of the quartet; besides which experiments in scoring are tried, some of which must be very effective. The independent 'cello part—the germ of a very characteristic feature in Mendelssohn's maturer works, due to the fact that his brother Paul played that instrument—is conspicuous throughout. The practice of dating not only the works, but often the beginning and end of single movements, to which, like Schubert, he was much addicted, also dates from the Swiss tour. Nos. 10 and 12 are of the full dimensions of a modern symphony, and it is hard to say in what respect the latter is inferior to the C minor, ordinarily called "No. 1," except in the accident that it is scored for a quintet of strings instead of for the full orchestra. Why the symphonies should in most cases have been written for strings only is not clear. The fact that the accompaniments to the manuscript concertos are also for quartet, shows that this was the rule.

It must not be supposed that these symphonies, and the numerous other works of Mendelssohn which remain in manuscript, were written for exercise only. He enjoyed the advantage seldom afforded to young composers, of having his works played as soon as they were written. It was the custom at his father's house in Berlin to have a fortnightly Orchestral Concert on Sundays, in a large saloon appropriated to the purpose; and it would appear that Felix's symphonies, concertos, and other works were written for performance there. The nucleus of the orchestra was formed of professional players from the king's band, with whom were associated other artists and amateurs from Berlin, as well as strangers who happened to be passing through; for the *matinées* were famous, and the *entrées* to them was greatly in request. As a rule the piano-forte solos were played by Felix and his sister Fanny, but Moscheles, Hummel, Thalberg, and other artists of the highest eminence occasionally took part in them.

It is impossible to consider the long list of symphonies—itsself but a portion of a much longer catalogue of works all composed by a boy under the age of fifteen—without being greatly struck. In two respects—in the quantity he composed and the strict manner in which he consigned so many of his compositions to oblivion—Mendelssohn's early life would appear to be paralleled only by that of Mozart; and a very instructive comparison might be drawn between these two great composers, who with many dissimilarities had many points in common; who had both remarkable fathers; who both began serious composition in the nursery; who were both as famous for their playing as for their composition, and as much beloved for their personal qualities as for their music; were both distinguished as letter-writers, and both painted as well as composed music; who both traveled to Paris and London early in life, and alas! both wore out their slender frames by over exertion and excitement, and died before reaching the prime of life.

Mozart is one of the ancients, but Mendelssohn is of our own time—one of ourselves. There are doubtless people in this very room to-day who knew him personally; who can still recall the singular fascination of his voice and face, and charming ways, and who have thrilled under his inspired playing. It fills one with a kind of wild impatience to think that but for some trivial, possibly avoidable circumstance, he might have lived to the age of Spohr or Auber, and have been still alive—visiting England year after year, with fresh symphonies, fresh oratorios, fresh concertos; bringing out the opera that he longed so ardently to write; directing our choicest concerts; writing the most delightful letters; welcoming everything that was good and noble and true; banishing everything that was mean or petty or vulgar; and spreading the charm

and blessing of his presence wherever he went.

This is gone, and it is idle to regret what cannot return. But much remains. If any man ever left a faithful image of himself in his works it is Mendelssohn. These remain, both letters and music. The letters can be read over and over, the music can be played and listened to better and better every time; and when those useful works which had the solid foundation of his greatness shall be rendered as accessible as those of other eminent composers have been, and, as there is good reason to hope, those of Mendelssohn will shortly be (the whole of Mendelssohn's MS. works have been deposited in the Imperial Library at Berlin, and are now the property of the German nation), we shall be able to understand—as far as any external aids can help us—the secret of that beautiful nature, at once brilliant and deep, clever and good, refined and manly, which is represented to us by the name of

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLODY.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." G. G.

Dudley Buck.

(From Biographies of American Musicians, in Brainard's Musical World.)

Among the prominent American organists and composers, Dudley Buck occupies a conspicuous place. He is one among the few of our native-born musicians to whom we may look with pride and hope. While he has earned for himself a national reputation as organist, he bids fair to do more as a composer.

Mr. Buck was born at Hartford, Conn., on the 10th of March, 1839. His father, Dudley Buck, Esq., was a shipping merchant. His mother was a daughter of Judge Adams, at Portsmouth, N. H., a prominent lawyer, in whose office Daniel Webster began his law studies. Neither father nor mother were musical, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for neither of them played or sang; yet, like most people of culture and refinement, they were fond of listening to music. Mr. Buck's love for the divine art developed at an early age, but his tastes were neither recognized nor encouraged, for it was the intention of his father that he should devote himself to mercantile pursuits. The study of music was viewed more as a hindrance than as a furtherance for the boy's future usefulness as a merchant. The only musical privilege which he enjoyed in his early youth was a term of instruction in an ordinary singing school. There he learned the notes of the treble clef; somewhat later he discovered, in the garret, an old book which had belonged to one of his father's clerks; from this he learned the bass clef, and the first rudiments of Thorough Bass. When but twelve years of age, he learned to play the flute, upon an instrument which he had borrowed from one of his schoolmates. His joys however came to a speedy end, for he had to return the instrument. Seeing his love for the flute, his father promised to give him one on his birthday, some six months later. This was too long a period for our young lover of music to wait. He therefore improvised an instrument by cutting a broom-stick of the exact length of the borrowed flute, making notches to correspond to the holes and keys, and with this sort of an instrument he picked out, with the aid of a borrowed instruction book, the scales of the flute. It may perhaps be an item of interest to our readers to learn, that this practice was usually indulged in high up in a favorite cherry tree.

At last the long-hoped-for birthday came, and with it also the promised flute. To the surprise of his parents, the boy showed not a little familiarity with the instrument. This no doubt led to the next step in the boy's musical career; for, some two years later, his father purchased for him a melodeon, one of those sad precursors of the cabinet organ of to-day. Diligently he now applied himself to the study of this instrument; and so rapid was his progress, that soon he was able to play the accompaniment to some of Haydn's and Mozart's masses, as well as to several of Handel's choruses. Though his father was able to procure for his son the very

best musical instruction, and though he now recognized his son's passionate love for the art, he nevertheless refused to secure such instruction, for fear that the love of music might interfere with his other studies. Aside from that, the father had not yet given up his fond hopes of seeing his son succeed him as a merchant. But when, at a later period, his father became convinced of the fact that music was his son's calling, that God had endowed him with rare gifts in that direction, he did all he could to give him a first-class musical education.

Thus we see that, while Mr. Buck's progress was for a time retarded as it were, he was after all more favored than many others who are forced to grope their way in the dark under many adverse circumstances, seeking a musical education. The precious time which had been lost, however, could not be regained, and hence it may be said of him that he suffered from that prejudice against a musical career which is but too common among business men, and among people of wealth in general. When sixteen years of age, he received a piano, and was permitted to take three months' lessons, Mr. W. J. Babcock acting as teacher. It was about that time that young Dudley was appointed "pro tem" as organist of St. John's Church, of Hartford; but though appointed only as a supply, so to speak, he gave such general satisfaction that he retained this position until he went to Europe. While thus engaged as organist, a friendship sprang up between him and the late Henry Wilson, who had just returned from Europe, where he had studied for a year. Mr. Wilson's influence over Mr. Buck was decidedly for good; and the wish that he might also be permitted to go to Europe found a lodging-place in his heart.

At last this wish was to be gratified, and a new world was to open itself for our young organist. His aspirations were realized, for in the summer of 1858 he was sent to Europe. In his collegiate studies he had already reached the junior class of Trinity College; and though but few years were required in order to finish his education, his father recognized the fact, that if the young man was at all to accomplish something worth speaking of in music, no time was to be lost. He remained four years in Europe. His first steps were directed to Leipzig, where he studied theory and composition under Hauptmann and Richter, orchestration and musical form under Julius Rietz, while Plaidy and Moscheles were his piano instructors. Richter alone, of all these good names, is now living. The Leipzig Conservatory seems at this time to have had quite a number of pupils who have since made a name for themselves. Thus S. B. Mills, Arthur Sullivan, J. F. Barnett, Walter Bach, Carl Rosa, Madeline Schiller, Clara Doria, Ed. Dannreuther and others were all Mr. Buck's contemporaries or class-mates. In Leipzig he remained a year and a half, enjoying private lessons as well as the Conservatory instruction.

Being a great lover of Bach, he was determined to drink in the spirit of the old master as much as he could. He therefore placed himself under the charge of the celebrated Johann Schneider, of Dresden, then in his seventieth year, and court-organist to the King of Saxony. It so happened, about that time, that the composer Reissiger died, in consequence of which Rietz was called to Dresden as first conductor of the Royal opera and the symphony concerts. This was favorable to Dudley Buck, for it gave him an opportunity to continue his studies under his favorite master, and at the same time to take organ lessons of Schneider.

For the benefit of our younger readers, we would say that Schneider was one of the greatest organists that have ever lived. Though old in years when Dudley Buck met him, he was still as active as a young man of thirty. He possessed in its fullness the traditional manner of playing Bach's music, having himself been a pupil of Kittel of Erfurt, who in turn had been (if we are not much mistaken) a pupil of the great John Sebastian. This great organist and teacher died but a few years ago, and it may well be said that Dudley Buck was one of his last pupils. Only the true lover of the organ, the musician who appreciates the greatness of John Sebastian Bach, can understand how great a boon it must have been for Dudley Buck to enjoy the instruction of Johann Schneider. While we care perhaps less than others do for the doctrine of the apostolic succession, we sincerely believe in the musical succession from Bach to Kittel, to Schneider and to Dudley Buck.

Having spent three years in Germany, the land of music, he visited Paris, where he remained one

year. While there he did not however take lessons, properly speaking. Having been well provided with letters of introduction, he was enabled to move in the best musical circles. Henry Herz and others assisted him in making musical acquaintances. Batiste procured for him opportunities for organ practice, and almost daily he visited the organ factories of the French capital.

At last he turned homeward. He had decided to settle either in New York or in Boston; but having been absent from his parents for four years, it was but natural that they should wish their son to remain with them—for a season at least. Rather than be idle, Mr. Buck accepted a position as organist in the "Park Church," at Hartford. Although speedily becoming somewhat of a "prophet in his own country," yet a sense of his comparatively narrow field soon oppressed him with a longing for the society of his professional peers. He began making earnest preparations to leave his home, when suddenly his mother died. His filial duties to an aged father again forced him to remain at Hartford, and thus it came that Dudley Buck remained for some years in his native city. While we may with pride speak of Dudley Buck as an organist and as a composer, we deem it not unworthy of the man's reputation to hold him up also as an obedient, loving son.

While thus fettered as it were to the limited field of his native city, he began publishing his first pieces, which always appeared with the name of Dudley Buck, Jr., because his father had the same name. This however he discontinued after his father's death, which occurred about four years after that of his mother.

Being now left to himself, he turned westward and settled in Chicago as his future abode. There he remained three years as organist of St. James's Church. His name began to be known, his compositions were sought after, and Dudley Buck was highly regarded as an organist. Still the musical atmosphere of Chicago did not suit his tastes; it was not congenial to our young musician; and again he decided to go eastward. Before he had carried out his designs, the great Chicago fire broke out and destroyed his house and home, together with many of his compositions. Among these we would mention a Concerto for piano and orchestra, a Concert Overture, a Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, three Romances for clarinet and piano concertante, etc. This blow was a heavy one, but with Schiller he could say that wife and child were safe—none of the loved ones were lost.

With but very little baggage, Mr. Buck went East, and two weeks after his arrival there he was appointed as organist to St. Paul's Church, Boston, and subsequently organist to the Music Hall Association, which involved the charge of the great organ.

Mr. Buck remained three years in Boston, when, upon the solicitation of Theodore Thomas, who evidently appreciated his talents, he removed to New York, where he conducted alternately with Thomas during one season of the Garden Concerts, meantime establishing himself as a teacher of his specialties. He also played the organ at one of the Cincinnati May Festivals.

At present, Mr. Buck is organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Brooklyn, one of the best-known churches in the country—a church which has always enjoyed a special musical reputation, to which reputation Mr. Buck will no doubt add not a little lustre.

Although best known to the public by his church music and vocal compositions, Mr. Buck has written much for solo instruments and orchestra. His Organ Sonatas are admirable compositions. A number of his works have been played by Thomas's Orchestra; yet the cry is raised that Thomas is unfavorable to American-born musicians, an accusation which, like many others hurled against Mr. Thomas, is unjust. Let our native-born musicians produce something that is worthy of Thomas's attention, and that attention will no doubt be also bestowed. Hence it is a compliment to Mr. Buck, that quite a number of his works were performed by Thomas's Orchestra. Other associations also performed his compositions. His Symphonic Overture on Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" was produced by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, as well as by Societies in other cities.

Among Dudley Buck's larger works, we would mention the "Legend of Don Munio," words and music both from his pen. This is a work eminently deserving of the notice of Choral Societies, as being nearly alone of its kind among American writings. Another work of a literary character,

and wholly unique as far as we know, is Mr. Buck's volume entitled "Illustrations in Choir Accompaniment, with Hints in Registration." This is the first attempt which has been made to give the "traditional" handling of the organ in the accompaniment of voices, the "unwritten law" which is not found in instruction books. Also the "Forty-Sixth Psalm," for solos and chorus, with orchestra, which was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, as well as by other Singing Societies. His Easter Cantata, one of his most pleasing compositions, is published by Messrs. Brainard's Sons.

When the need of a Centennial Cantata was felt in order to celebrate our centenary existence as an independent nation, Dudley Buck was selected as the composer of the same, being thereby conspicuously placed by the side of Richard Wagner, who furnished us with the Centennial March. This Cantata was not only performed at Philadelphia, but also in many other cities, thereby bringing his name still more prominently before the public. The Centennial Cantata, as far as Mr. Buck's work is concerned, was well received by the press and the people. The original score has of late been placed in the archives of the Connecticut Historical Society at the written request of General Hawley and others. It is but just to say, that this score was accompanied by a letter, which in our estimation has characterized Mr. Buck as a modest gentleman. Like all true artists, he has never sought popularity, and it was with considerable difficulty that we obtained at an interview the facts which we here give. While attending the Cincinnati May Festival, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Buck, and found him to be vigorous and active, with many years of usefulness before him.

Every lover of art and country will follow Dudley Buck's career with interest and sympathy, for he is one of the most gifted musicians this country has ever produced.

Clara Schumann's Fiftieth Anniversary as an Artist—Second Gewandhaus Concert.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Oct. 26, 1878.—The third Gewandhaus Concert was more than ordinarily interesting, from the fact that it was made the occasion of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Clara Schumann's debut as a pianist, in the hall of that famous institution. The directors had, very appropriately, chosen only compositions of Schumann for the evening in question, namely: The Symphony in C (No. 2), Geneva Overture, several songs, the piano concerto, Romanze from op. 28 and two Noveletten (op. 99 and 21, No. 7). Already, on the morning of the general rehearsal, every seat was occupied, and, as Clara Schumann entered, she was no sooner recognized than it became the signal for an ovation as grand as touching. Quite a time elapsed before the rehearsal could be resumed, but then the interest was gone, the great majority having only come to see and hear the great woman.

Frau Clara Schumann is to-day even a greater wonder than she was as the maidenly Clara Wieck. Her early triumphs did not spoil her, for a stern father and an idealistic lover and husband anxiously guarded every step of her career; especially the latter must have exerted an inestimable influence on the young artiste. When she became the wife of the great Robert Schumann, an artist than whom there never was a purer, she must have become imbued with his lofty principles, which not only developed and shaped the pianist, but also reacting on him, inspired some of the grandest of creations; positively is this known of the piano Concerto, Quintet and many songs. Though of an age which almost fills the measure of years allotted to man by the Scriptures, her playing has still the vivacity and elasticity of youth, the energy of manhood, and the finish and fullness of ripe years, while a certain indefinable something else crowns it with a charm as truly poetic as irresistibly captivating. At the present writing certain wealthy families, long known for their warm interest in matters concerning art and artists, are over-bidding each other in their efforts to please and honor her. A beautiful act was the decorating of the monument, erected in memory of her husband, with laurel wreaths and evergreens. Her home is now in Frankfurt, where she has recently become connected with the new Conservatory under the directorship of Raff. Leipzig should have induced her to come and stay here, for the Conservatory has urgent need of a few strong pillars. Moscheles, David and Hauptmann

have not yet been replaced. The orchestral numbers of the programme were reproduced with absolute perfection, as was also the accompaniment of the concerto, by no means an easy task. The songs: "Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweiht," "Marienwürmchen," "Die Soldatenbraut," "Mondnacht" and "O Sonnenschein" were sung by Frau Schultzen von Asten.

The programme of the Second Gewandhaus Concert was as follows

Weber—Overture, "Oberon."
Mozart—Aria from *Il re pastore*.
Leonard—Violin concerto.
Rubinstein, } Songs.
Volkmann, }
Saint-Saëns—Introduction and Rondo, violin.
Mendelssohn—Symphony, A minor (No. 3).

Reinecke's musical nature has many sympathetic chords with that of Mendelssohn, a fact that tells whenever the latter's music is on the programme; he grades and balances the shades and tempi with subtle nicety, and, having a very willing instrument in his orchestra, the charming effects produced are often surprising. Frau Alvsleben was the vocalist, and Paul Viardot, from Paris, the violinist. The former is always certain of a favorable reception in the Gewandhaus, while the latter is simply a good violinist and nothing more. Perhaps the mean instrument he had to play on was the cause of weakening an impression he otherwise might have made.

On the 24th inst., Prof. E. F. Richter, so well known by his books on Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, celebrated his 70th birthday, an event that was not left unnoticed by his many friends here and elsewhere.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Fourth Gewandhaus Concert.

NEW WORK BY CAPELLMEISTER REINECKE.
(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Nov. 8, 1878.—The programme of the fourth Gewandhaus Concert was, in point of quality, altogether unexceptionable, as will be seen by the following:

Motet.....Dolles
Fest Overture.....Reinecke
Ariettes.....Stradella and Giordani
Air for string orchestra.....Bach
Songs— { Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, }
Symphony, B flat major, (No. 4).....Schubert
Symphony, B flat major, (No. 4).....Beethoven

The overture of Reinecke was probably inspired by the Musikfest in Kiel, last spring, when it was first performed. It is dedicated to the Gewandhaus orchestra, and a work of no mean order, as everything flowing from the pen of Reinecke is sure to be characterized by sterling musicianship and finish. At his very best, however, he is in composition of the Märchen (fairy) order, to one of which I will take occasion to refer farther on. The composer was rewarded by a flourish on the part of the orchestra and with warm applause on the part of the audience.

The "Motet of Dolles" was, no doubt, chosen in consideration of the quasi-religious character of the day (Reformation) on which the concert happened to fall. It was sung by the Thomaner under the conductorship of Professor Richter. The songs and ariettes were sung by Fräulein Redeker, of this city. The alto is rich and sympathetic. The vocal numbers were, perhaps, too severe, even for the Gewandhaus audience, but nevertheless they were thoroughly enjoyable. The quaint air of Bach and the Beethoven Symphony were as a matter of course well played, and the whole concert must have given unqualified enjoyment to every one fortunate enough to be present.

On last Sunday morning a very successful musical matinée was given at the residence of Capellmeister Reinecke. The most prominent number of the programme was a new composition of his, belonging to the *Schneewittchen* and *Dornröschen* family, namely, *Aschenbrödel* (Cinderella) written for female chorus, soprano and alto solos and piano accompaniment. Already, in a former correspondence, in which a performance of *Dornröschen* was alluded to, I had taken occasion to remark how happily the composer understood to translate the spirit of the fairy stories into music. *Aschenbrödel* more than justifies every word written then, for notably the choral parts are of a bewitching charm, a charm that may be largely ascribed to their simplicity, without being trivial. Not less beautiful

are the solo numbers. They are only a trifle more difficult of performing. The accompaniment is very much more than what is ordinarily understood by this term; it is an important part of the composition, requiring an interpreter of high pianistic qualities. The matinee performance was one of pure excellence. The chorus was composed of twelve young ladies, and the solos sung by Fräuleins Goselli and Schärnack. The composer himself sat at the piano, and, it is a safe assertion to make, a better than he could not have been there. Preceding *Aschenbrödel*, Fräulein Zelia Moriamé played the following piano solos: Nocturne op. 9, No. 1, Chopin; Romanze op. 28, Schumann, and Sonate, A-major, Scarlatti, and Fräulein Goselli sang two songs of Kirchner: *Frühlingslied* and *Du wunder-süßes Kind*. The lady pianist was best in the Sonate of Scarlatti; for Chopin as well as for Schumann, but especially for the latter, she is not as yet sufficiently qualified; she has splendid fingers, however, and is evidently destined to join the ranks of the many excellent lady pianists of fame we already have. The many present at the matinee were all pleased, a pleasure that was enhanced by the amiability and hospitality of the generous host and his devoted wife.

At the theatre, Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Götter-dämmerung* are still given from time to time, but, fortunately for the lovers of operatic music, the long intervals have been filled by Rossini's *Barber*, Mozart's *Figaro*, Meyerbeer's *Robert*, Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and Weber's *Oberon*.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Reminiscences of Remenyi.

Some years ago I was visiting a friend in Hungary and was roused one morning very early by a noise in the next room; doors slamming, windows opening and shutting, and furniture moving about; but finally silence reigned once more and I was just falling asleep when there was a knock at my door, and a pretty, fair-haired boy, looking like a girl in disguise, walked in, saying: "I am Plo tenyi Nardor, the ardent disciple of Remenyi Ede, who has this moment taken up his quarters in the next room."

"All right. Did you wake me up simply to tell me your name and rank?"

"No, but to beg you will rise, dress and go for a walk." The rascal said this with such a delightfully obstinate air, that he quite won my heart.

"Go to walk, indeed!" I cried.

"Yes, my master likes to practice very early in the morning and can't bear to have any one hear him."

"The devil take you and your master Remenyi Ede!" I exclaimed. The young fellow turned fiery red and shook with rage and amazement.

"Oh sir, sir, would you have the devil take him, the great violinist, the successor of Czernak Bibary?"

"Is your master a gypsy?"

"No, but he is the only living violinist who has the true tradition of gipsy music."

"I like that music," said I, "so I'll get up and go down into the garden."

"Oh, no! sir, pray go for a long walk. See,"—and he opened the window—"everyone has left the castle." There indeed was the master of the house leading off his friends. They had scarcely slept three hours. I joined them, and everybody began to tell me Remenyi's story at once.

At seventeen he was attached to the person of Georgey as private violinist, during the Hungarian war, playing before and after a battle. He then shared the exile of Count Teleki Sador and other heroes, spending some time at Guernsey, where he knew Victor Hugo. Thence he went to Hamburg, London and America, where he played, going from triumph to triumph; his renown growing apace. Returning to Hungary, he travelled all over the country, astounding high and low alike, and playing with the same poetry and fervor in barns and palaces.

I slipped away and returned to the garden. Remenyi was playing. . . . a Bach concerto! I uttered curses not loud but deep. So it was to play a Bach concerto that this sham gipsy roused me at dawn!

At breakfast, he made his appearance. He was a common looking man of medium size. His expression seemed an attempt at disdain of the world, yet there was something jolly in his look, movement and voice.

"Remenyi worked well this morning," he said, after breakfast. (He never speaks save to praise

himself, and always talks of himself in the third person.)

"Yes, on a Bach concerto," said I.

He drew himself up, exclaiming: "Remenyi plays other things, too,"—and calling Nardor, he asked for his violin. Twenty people ran for it. He played a *Hongroise*. With the first notes his vanity dropped from him like a cloak. He possesses every quality of imagination, delirious fancy, mild caprice; every good gift of skill, clearness, precision, eloquence, color and all that genius can grant. He laid down his bow smiling like a child. The music had worked a wondrous change in him, he was natural and ingenuous. Now and then, he took up his violin and played one strain after another. Thus we heard the ball-room scene from Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette*. It was like a magical spell. We were in Italy; the silvery moonbeams fell on silent rows of cypress trees and marble statues, fountains plashed; then a fair palace appeared, all light and music, a crowd hurried by, masked and gaily dressed, the night wind wafted strains of dance music through the garden; then all this faded and we heard Juliet cry.

When I had thanked the great artist and expressed all my admiration of his wonderful execution, he replied: "If Remenyi is only satisfied with himself!"—with an expressive gesture to complete his phrase.

He then played a duet with Nardor; walking sternly towards the mantelpiece he stopped the pendulum of a clock standing there, saying to his host: "Let this clock forever mark the hour when Remenyi played to you!"—Horvath Karoly, to whom he spoke, wept with emotion and we all embraced Remenyi in turn. Next day some devil of obstinacy led him back to the Bach concerto.

On leaving, he invited me to accompany him to his home, Rakos Palota, near Pesth. He stopped at every village, town and estate in our way, and wherever he was known, was received with open arms; if unknown, he had only to mention his name, to be greeted with delight and enthusiasm. I was told that he ordered a pair of boots in one town where he played, and the bill was sent to him receipted by the city government. Music is a national glory in Hungary,—especially gipsy music, the roots of which are interwoven with the very heart-fires of the Hungarian.

At last we reached Rakos-Palota. Remenyi's house was a long, low building with nothing extraordinary about it. A dirty courtyard filled with poultry lay before it, and a few thin poplar trees grew about, which looked so much like admiration points, that I suspected they were planted expressly! Inside, the house forms a long gallery partitioned off and filled with every imaginable object of price and rarity, all presents. There are curious old jewels, antique rings, gold chains, which would drive a modern jeweller mad. Carvings and every variety of rare old china were strewn about, and here and there were weapons of every age, old coins, valuable manuscripts, tapestries and paintings; but his special pride and treasure was a pair of boots which belonged to Liszt when a child, and his Hungarian sword.

UNE COSSAQUE.

—Courier, November 24.

Children in the Ballet.

COLONEL J. H. MAPLESON ARRESTED FOR EMPLOYING LITTLE GIRLS TO DANCE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Colonel J. H. Mapleson was yesterday made acquainted with the architectural beauties and inner workings of the Jefferson Market Court House. Superintendent E. Fellows Jenkins, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, warned Colonel Mapleson last week that it was an infringement of State laws to employ children under sixteen years of age in the ballet, and that if he did so legal proceedings would be instituted. On Friday evening last, the ballet of "Les Papillons," the Butterflies, was given after the opera, and the twenty-five little girls, dressed in gay costume, acted their part in the graceful performance. Officers of the offended society were present to witness the ballet, and some of them accompanied the youthful dancers home, to learn how they were treated, and to talk with their parents.

About noon yesterday as Colonel Mapleson approached the Academy of Music by way of Fourteenth-Street, he was arrested, on a warrant issued by Justice Morgan, by Court officer Kelley and Special Officer Lundborg. The manager could

not conceal his indignation, and asserted the dignity of a Colonel in Her Majesty's service. This failing to impress Officer Kelly, Colonel Mapleson asked for the privilege of calling a cab, to carry them to court, but the officer preferred to walk, and the manager went along, dropping now and then a word of remonstrance. They arrived at the court-house to find the morning session over. Colonel Mapleson was detained in the Sergeant's room, notwithstanding his remark that he could not stay, because he had business to attend to. Soon after, his business manager, Stanley McKenna, arrived. Colonel Mapleson pointed indignantly to the officer and exclaimed, "McKenna, the 'bobby' made me walk all the way over here." Then his counsel, Assistant United States District-Attorney Herrick, appeared. Mr. Mapleson's son Henry, husband of Madame Marie Roze, was also present. About 2 o'clock Colonel Mapleson was brought before Justice Morgan, and waived examination. Congress-elect Levi P. Morton, the Academy stockholder who settled the preliminaries for the opera season with the manager in London, signed \$600 bail bonds to answer at the General Sessions. Superintendent Jenkins and Mr. Delafield, counsel for the Society, were present, and the former exchanged a few words with Colonel Mapleson, the conversation not being conciliatory in tone. When Henry Mapleson was asked if the children would be put on the stage again, he answered "certainly." Colonel Mapleson, in answer to the same question, replied that he should consult with Mr. Herrick and see if he had been acting contrary to law. Mr. Herrick told the Society's counsel that he should advise his client to obey the laws of the country.

Before 3 o'clock Colonel Mapleson and his friends were at the Academy of Music, where the occurrence was freely discussed as the "outrage." Several of the opera singers called to inquire after the fate of their manager. Charles Mapleson thought his father would take the matter into the courts and fight it out. His father having leased the Academy for several years had purposed starting a training school similar to his National Training School connected with Her Majesty's Theatre.

Superintendent Jenkins was found at the office of the Society, and he said: "The law makes it a misdemeanor punishable with a fine of \$250 or a year's imprisonment to employ children under sixteen years of age for such exhibitions. The parents are amenable for allowing their children to perform. Colonel Mapleson talks of our taking bread out of these children's mouths and out of their parents' mouths. After Friday night these twenty-six little girls were paid \$1 each, 50 cents a performance, for holding themselves at his disposal for three weeks. They are not paid for rehearsals. Think of little girls, six and eight years of age, being kept up till nearly 11 o'clock to dance, and then walking home, as they did Friday night, with very little covering them and the rain wetting them through. Some of the children on Friday night went home alone. I called at the home of two of them. They arrived 10 minutes after 12. The parents have, in most cases, said that their children would be kept at home hereafter. Colonel Mapleson says he is teaching them something useful, but they will not be able to put their skill to use for years. Even ballet dancing is prohibited by law in this and ten other States, and Mr. Mapleson will not be permitted to give this ballet, I am assured, in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, or Cincinnati.—Tribune, November 27.

Wilhelm's Violins.

This season has been particularly prolific in violinists. The ocean steamers have brought to us Wilhelm, Remenyi, and Ole Bull, each distinguished by strong characteristics, both as men and as artists. The first is notable for his tall and manly figure, the dignity of his bearing, the placidity of his countenance, with its halo of yellow hair, and the power and richness of his playing. The second might be passed in the street without attracting the least attention from the casual observer, for he is short, fat, and almost ordinary looking. When he comes upon the stage of the concert-room he might be, as far as appearance goes, the drummer or the accompanist, or an unassuming Roman Catholic priest out for a holiday, as a violin virtuoso. But when his bow touches the strings of his violin, what a wealth of sweetness and delicate sentiment wells forth. The third would command attention anywhere. He is tall and graceful, like a Norwegian pine. With his forty-two inches of chest, his twenty-seven inches of waist, his biceps that would

do credit to the arm of an athlete, and his long white hair, you would set him down at once as an extraordinary personage. Now each of these violinists has a celebrated collection of instruments, some description of which the *Review* believes would be interesting to its readers.

Mr. Wilhelmj was found at the Westminster Hotel, and about the room were three or four violins, very accurately made in imitation of renowned old makers, and sent to him for inspection.

"Let me show you my concert violin first," said Wilhelmj; "I believe I am as fond of it as a father is of his child. It was made by Antonius Stradivarius, of Cremona, Italy, in 1725, so that it is more than 150 years old. He died, I think, at the age of ninety, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1730. I can assure you that this violin is one of the finest and best-preserved specimens of that celebrated maker. It belonged to the well-known collection of splendid violins owned by Signor Tarisio, of Milan. It afterward passed into the hands of the eminent violin-maker, Villaume, of Paris. Its next possessor was a Mr. Bockmühl, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and it was purchased from this gentleman by my father. I was about 16 years old when my father presented it to me. It cost about \$5,000, but that sum does not express its value to me, for its loss could never be replaced."

"There would seem to be danger, Mr. Wilhelmj, that some violin resurrectionist might lift it from the velvet-lined case, in which you keep it so carefully entombed, for the sake of a reward."

"Well, it could hardly be used if it were stolen from me," replied Mr. Wilhelmj, "for I know every streak of grain in it so perfectly that I could pick it out among a hundred violins without even playing on it. I believe it is the best violin Stradivarius ever made. I want you to look well at the wood on one side of the belly. Do you notice that it has a very narrow grain, while that on the opposite side is much broader. The first gives a very sweet effect to the high notes, and the last a very rich tone to the lower notes which cannot be produced in other violins. But to continue its history: after I had played on it for several years, Mr. Villaume wished to get it from me again, for he had the same opinion of its merits that I have. He offered in exchange two magnificent instruments; one, also a Stradivarius, the other made by the equally celebrated Joseph Guarnerius; but I gave him a decided refusal."

"By the way," continued Mr. Wilhelmj, "let me tell you what determined my career. While I was going to school, to a Prof. Lex, since dead, I was asked to play at a benefit concert given in Wiesbaden. Of course, I was delighted with such a compliment to my skill, for I was an amateur performer then, so I begged the Professor to excuse me from my school duties for a day or two, but he replied, 'Impossible; if I permit this thing once, then by-and-by everyone of my pupils may ask to be excused on some similar plea.' This incensed my father, who said, 'As if every Tom, Dick, and Harry, among boys fifteen and sixteen years old, is likely to be excused from school duties to play Spohr's Ninth Concerto on the violin in public.' Yes, my father was so indignant that he immediately removed me from school, where I was preparing to study law, and, finding that I played with some success at the benefit concert, he decided then and there to make a musician of me."

"Of course, Mr. Wilhelmj, this Stradivarius is the one we hear at your concerts?"

"Yes; I use it only for concerts. I never practice on it. My favorite violin for practising has been one of Lupat's, a famous French maker, until I came to America. Here I practice almost exclusively on the 'Kaiser' violin, made by George Gemünder, of this city. I value it very highly—so highly, that I am willing to state that Mr. Gemünder is the only violin-maker worthy to rank with the old masters of that art. These imitations of the old makers, which you see about the room, are Mr. Gemünder's handiwork, and I defy anyone to equal them. This 'Kaiser' violin was made for the Vienna Exposition, and here is what the *Exposition Gazette* of August 17th, 1873, says concerning it:—"

We read as follows:—"The sound of this instrument is really strong, beautiful and sympathetic, yet it has not that peculiar young tone characteristic of even the best modern violins." The prize judges and German art critics, though unanimous in their praise of the "Kaiser" violin on account of its perfect model, and, above all, its magnificent tone, refused to award it the prize, because they firmly

contended that it was an old Cremona, a rejuvenated original, which the exhibitor falsely pretended to be his own work. And also another Vienna paper stated: "Gemünder can't make us Germans believe that this violin sent by him is a new one. Only a smart Yankee can put his name on a genuine instrument in order to gain a great name!" Certainly the greatest triumph, the greatest prize ever awarded to or attainable by any violin-maker.

"The judges would not believe," continued Mr. Wilhelmj, "that it was Gemünder's, and pronounced it a genuine old Guarnerius, so that he did not get the first prize and the gold medal, to which he was entitled. I understand that he can prove that he made this violin with his own hands, and finished it but a short time prior to the Exposition, by the sworn testimony of prominent citizens and musicians of New York. There were two important reasons for the success of the celebrated old violin-makers; one was the careful selection of the wood, the other the peculiar varnish they used, which became thoroughly assimilated with the wood, and formed a sort of enamel over it. Villaume, the maker of whom I bought my Stradivarius, first discovered the lost art of making this fine varnish, which is one of the chief requisites of a superior instrument, and Mr. Gemünder, who worked with him, and who was always selected when a particularly fine violin was to be repaired, learned all that Mr. Villaume knew about violin making, and has even improved upon his master's work. I am sorry that I cannot show you a larger collection of instruments, but my Stradivarius and my Lupat are the only ones I brought with me. However, I suppose your readers will be the most interested in the one I always play on in public."

"It is thought, Mr. Wilhelmj, that the great volume of tone which you produce in playing is in a great measure due to the very heavy manner in which your violin is strung. Is that a correct idea?"

"Why no; it is not so at all. My violin is not so heavily strung. The secret, if such it can be called, lies in the muscular strength and endurance, not of the right arm, but of the right side of the chest. I could not get the same quality of tone, no matter how strong my right arm, nor how heavily my violin might be strung, if I could not depend upon these muscles of my chest."

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, NOV. 28.—A press of other duties more immediately at hand must be my excuse for not having properly attended to this correspondence for several weeks past. And in offering this as an excuse I am reminded of the man who declined to pay his church dues on the ground of owing Mr. Smith a sum of money to pay which had exhausted his resources. "But," said the minister, "don't you see you owe this just as truly to the Lord." "Yes, I know," remarked the sinner, "but He won't make such a confounded fuss about it," and my debt to this correspondence stands in a very similar way. Knowing that, however serious the neglect, nobody would be likely to rise up and call me blessed, to my face, at least, gives a sense of ease, a disposition to await a more convenient season. But, to come down to facts; The musical season is now fairly under way.

We have had two weeks of Strakosch Italian Opera with Verdi's "Ballo," "Traviata," "Trovatore," and "Aida," Thomas's "Mignon," Donizetti's "Lucia" and "Favorita," Flotow's "Martha" and Bizet's "Carmen." The chorus and orchestra were very good,—good, that is, for a travelling troupe playing a different opera every night. The orchestra, especially, was considerably larger than usual, and really played very fairly. Indeed when I think of the dreadfully shabby orchestras we used to have in English opera, except that under Carl Rosa's management, the totally reckless playing of some of the old Italian troupes, and the noisy and ineffective conducting, I feel like rising and making my best public bow to Mr. Behrens and his band, for their unobtrusive, and every way reasonable work during this season. It was not the Thomas Orchestra, but it was altogether another sort of a band from what we would have had, were it not for the elevation of public taste due to the Thomas work, and a perhaps not altogether unconscious rivalry with another troupe.

The season brought us several new singers, foremost of whom ought to be mentioned Rosnati the tenor, who has a very nice quality of voice, but who is decidedly not an artist, and who invariably sang flat long before the evening was over. The first impression of his voice reminds one of Brignoli; but when you come to hear him further you find it wanting in the characteristically silvery sound of Brignoli's. As an actor he is about on

a par with Brignoli—which, perhaps, I need not explain, does not raise an expectation of his being called on to act as a substitute for Booth, Barrett, or Jefferson.

The other new tenor, Westberg, is a small singer, a very pleasant gentleman they say privately, but wanting the vitality and strength of voice for opera.

The prime favorite of the new ones was Pantaleoni, a baritone, who is also a fine actor, making a particularly satisfactory effect as "Germont," and as "Escamillo" in "Carmen."

Miss Kellogg sang much as usual, though it certainly seems to me as if her voice was not now what it once was.

Miss Cary was immensely popular with everybody; critics, public and all. Such ovations as she received for her work in "Trovatore," "La Favorita," and "Aida," one rarely reads of, still less often sees. As I happened to miss all these I may be pardoned for not "enthusiasing."

Mdlle. Marco proves to have a wretched tremolo; still in "Carmen" she made a much better success with the public than anyone else in it except Pantaleoni. I am told that Mr. Chas. Adams's Edgardo in "Lucia" and Don Jose in "Carmen" were remarkably strong personations, the latter carrying Miss Kellogg so far beyond herself that she really acted with some approach to self-forgetfulness and enthusiasm—a tale I tell as it was told me, letting it go for what it is worth.

The new prima donna, Mdlle. Litta, made her début in "Lucia," with great éclat. I was not so favored as to see her on this occasion; but did on the following Tuesday evening, when she sang Martha to Miss Cary's Julia. In "Lucia" she had a part affording scope for a good deal of light singing; and as the Edgardo acted splendidly but was in bad voice, she carried off the honors of the evening so far as singing was concerned. Her voice is a light soprano, well formed and well trained, her upper notes especially seeming to have a flute-like roundness, and admirable penetrative quality. Her medium voice, however, has not the carrying quality it needs in order to penetrate through the volume of an orchestra. Nor has the interpretation of her arias any unusual intellectual strength.

In "Martha" she had light music, to which with one exception she did ample justice. But when her voice was brought into such strong comparison with that of a really great singer like Cary, it was at once felt to lack the peculiar vitality and intensity characteristic of the great artist. This was still more plainly shown in her management of "The Last Rose of Summer," where without going to the length of Italianizing the melody like some singers, she interpolated a phrase for the sake of showing two more high notes, and thereby showed her want of comprehension of the people's song, and an inappreciation of the simple and heart-felt in music. Her stage presence is very good and her manner pleasing, and in private she seems an unspoiled and not uningenious person. Still I do not think she will make a really great artist, although I do think she will make a popular and successful concert singer, for which she has much to recommend her. Yet even for this she will be wise if she learns that simple songs are best when sung simply and without additions or interpolations. It is a pity her teachers had not been artists enough to have told her this.

And this brings me to Bizet's "Carmen," which has perhaps already occupied enough of your space. What I have to say may soon be said. The musical handling of "Carmen" is in the modern French school. It is the seriousness of a Saint-Saëns, or a Taine. It is smart, sparkling, clever, spirited, and all the rest of that paragraph in the "Thesaurus," but it is not satisfying. There is no repose in it. It has one very dramatic air, "Toreador attento." The book is beneath criticism. The part of "Carmen" is not one likely ever to take real hold of Anglo-Saxon hearts. A more worthless and uninteresting set of folks, I think, I never saw even on the Italian operatic stage, than the book of "Carmen" gives us. Then too, they play it with the "friskiness" of Mrs. Oates's burlesques. Fancy Kellogg, the sedate, the self-conscious, the queenly, the dignified, the much-arranged Clara Louise Kellogg, tripping about à la bouffe! The intellectuality of it is all in the orchestra; the sentiment all in the audience; why should such an opera ever thrive?

Our local musical life goes on in spite of such attacks. The Eddy organ recitals proceed in the same old way—the usual way. Only when a way gets to be "the usual way" it gets to be uninteresting. I would send programmes if I had them, but I have neglected to go after them, and the recitals conflict with my bread and butter in such a way that I cannot attend.

In the immediate future we look for the concert of the Beethoven Society, Dec. 10, when they give with orchestra, Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," etc.

December 5th comes the Apollo Society, this time with ladies' chorus, when they give (also with orchestra) half of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

December 3d comes a "popular" Concert by the Marie Rose people.

And then we have Wilhelmj, and December 17th, Mr. Silas Pratt's first symphony concert. And after that, I know not. The indications are that we shall have this year much more music well worth hearing than we have ever had before in one winter.

All of which in due time.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

A "Hoyatoho!" of Pianoforte Heroes.

A critic of the London *Musical World* (Davison, doubtless) thus introduces his article on the last Monday Popular Concert:

Charge a fervid, not to say tumid, imagination with the task of picturing a caucus of all the apostles of "higher development" in pianoforte playing, and it would perhaps reproduce the famous meet of the Walkyries in Wagner's *Nibelungen*. Certainly no place could be so appropriate as a wilderness of rocks, bounded by gloomy fir-woods and capped by storm-driven clouds. Thither would hurtle through the heavy air the heroes of the key-board, each bestriding his favorite piano—Rubinstein "flying all abroad" on an Erard, and Bülow gracefully managing a Bechstein, amid the play of lurid lightning and the roll of thunder, emulous of that produced from the deepest depths of the grandest "grand" by the most muscular of the group. And what, as each loomed large in the sky, could be more fitting than the euphonious and highly intelligible Walkyrie salute, "Hoyatoho! Hoyatoho! Heiaha! Heiaha! Von Bülow (say), here! Hither thy horse!"? The whole scene culminating with the cry, "Wild whinnies Wal-father's horse, snorts and snuffs as he comes!"—and the entry of the Abbé Liszt. There is not so much likelihood of such a sensational tableau being presented. The leaders of our advanced *cultus* love to fight like Hal o' th' Wynd, each for his own hand, and certainly we who dwell in this Ultima Thule of the artistic world—this utterly unmusical and hopelessly degraded country—cannot expect to have amongst us more than a single luminary at once. At present we have Dr. Hans Bülow, and, on Monday evening, that eminent pianist, with his Bechstein, flashed across the usually serene firmament of the Popular Concerts. It has been indicated that he did so for the first and last time this season, and though we are always glad to "sit under" an artist with plenty to say worth hearing, we cannot but recognize the propriety of the arrangement. The rule in nature, as it should be in art, is serenity, and "sensations" are the exception. We do not want many of these. They upset us. But, on the other hand, one now and then does good. They make those who are wide-awake more alert than ever; they open the eyes of the sleepy, and generally quicken life. Wherefore, Dr. Hans von Bülow should receive a hearty welcome. We may not approve all he does, but he makes himself talked about, and in discussing the artist it is impossible to avoid his art.

Dr. Hans von Bülow brought with him on Monday night a new work, dedicated to himself, by Hans von Bronsart. Even Mr. Chappell's public did not know, perhaps—so far are we from the true light—anything of Herr von Bronsart; some, it may be, were ignorant of his very existence. So much the more reason that Dr. von Bülow should introduce us to the man and his music. As to the man he is a pupil of Liszt, director of the Hof-theater at Hanover, and exactly fifty years of age. As to his music, or, rather, since we know no other, as to the pianoforte trio in G minor, it may be said with entire confidence, that a work more suggestive of talent has rarely challenged judgment. The first movement shows that Herr von Bronsart possesses fancy and power of expression; portions of the second movement, especially that in which a *cantabile* appears united to the light and lively principal theme, are simply exquisite, while the funeral gloom of the *adagio* is set off by pathos the most intense. Herr von Bronsart, moreover, is not defiant of form. He has the good sense to observe that supreme law of composition, and putting one thing with another, it seems clear that *au fond* he is an artist of the true type. But he was brought up in a spasmodic school, and against his better self carries out its teaching. The result is sometimes very odd, like the relapses into feigned insanity of a malingering prisoner, who forgets his

role. Often in the course of the trio Herr von Bronsart goes on rationally enough, and then, without any warning, begins to tear his hair and foam at the mouth to the amazement of onlookers. Hence there are passages in the work worthy of a place among the wildest of the wild; "all sound and fury," signifying nothing to those who have not made modern musical insanity a special study. Another blemish here helps to counteract the effect of beauty. Like most "advanced" writers, Bronsart puts on paper music for the pianoforte that seems to have been conceived for the orchestra. This is, above all, obvious in the opening movement, the general style and character of which can hardly fail to suggest an arrangement, for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, of an orchestral piece. No doubt some will be found to argue that to take away from the pianoforte its individuality, and make it, to the extent of its means, imitative, is a step in advance. But others are not so minded, and no music like that of Herr von Bronsart will ever turn them from the works of the "masters" who wrote pianoforte music pure and simple. All this, however, has only to do with Herr von Bronsart's mistakes. His talent is clear, and we ought to be more familiar with his productions than we are. The performance of the trio by Mme. Néruda, Signor Piatti, and Herr von Bülow was a great treat, for hardly could anything more perfect be conceived. In the slow movement, above all, the acme of expression was reached. Among the other works in the program, Schumann's Fantaisie (Op. 17) for pianoforte had a conspicuous place, and was played by Dr. von Bülow after his most characteristic fashion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 7, 1878.

OUR MUSIC PAGES. The part-song in this number is taken by permission from "German Part-Songs," edited by N. H. ALLEN, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

NOTICE. With one more number, that for December 21, we shall bring the present Volume of our Journal to a close, thereby concluding what we may call its Second Series, of over twenty years, during which time it has been published by Messrs. OLIVER DITSON & Co. That number, instead of the usual four music pages, will contain the Title page and Index for the past two years, less three months, paged continuously to be bound in one.

The first number of Volume XXXIX, dated January 4, 1879, will bear the imprint of our new publishers, Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., and will be issued some time in advance of date and very widely circulated in answer to the call for specimens.

Subscriptions (at \$2.50 per annum), and Advertisements,—if possible before the middle of December—should be sent to HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 220 Devonshire St., Boston.

Concerts.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, on Sunday evening, November 24, made a brilliantly successful opening of its Winter and Spring season of five Oratorio performances, with Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*, repeated from last Spring. Every seat in the Boston Music Hall was occupied by one of the best audiences ever assembled within its walls; and the enthusiasm equalled that with which the first performance was received.

We found no reason to change the estimate we formed before of the composition in itself. That it contains beautiful passages—notably the reposeful opening: *Requiem eternam*, changing to the major at *Et lux*—besides others which we might name and have named before—was gratefully evident

this time as before. We do not think it a question of German or Italian music. There is much Italian music that we love, while in this Requiem there is much which only startles and surprises us by mere physical intensity and brilliancy, by terrors of the nerves, the body, rather than of the soul, by lurid coloring, bold, frequent pressing upon the verge of discord, and the very opposite of what in Art is called repose.

The *Dies ira*, lurid with far-gleaming flames of hell, and shrieks of fear and torture, really forms the central and almost the pervading theme and motive of the work; it returns several times, breaking out anew in all its fury. That is too much of the *Trovatore* gypsy-burning order; and Maestro Verdi seems to gravitate so strongly, so instinctively toward such images, such subjects, that one cannot help classing him among sensational composers.

At the same time there is no denying that he has made earnest study of composition in a polyphonic sense, of thematic treatment, of form, of instrumentation, before undertaking this, the most elaborate, most serious, and most ambitious of his works. There is much in the work that is worth study; although we cannot feel that his fugues and more contrapuntal movements reveal the real genius of that art, these being dry and mechanical compared with the freer passages. There is some beautiful and truly original melody, and some of the concerted pieces, trios, etc., present an interesting, subtle, charming intertwining of individual melodic voices.

Of the performance we may speak in high praise. To us it seemed upon the whole better than the first was. The choruses were highly effective, given with precision, prompt attack, firmness and good light and shade. The Orchestra, more complete than the Society are often able to secure, and with LISTEMANN at the head of the violins, played carefully and on the whole satisfactorily, except that they overpowered the voices sometimes in the concerted pieces. In the Soprano solos one missed the noble voice and fervor of Mme. Pappenheim.

In her place was Mme. ROSA SKELDING, who has a clear and telling voice, too much afflicted with the tremolo, and who sang some pieces very well indeed, with considerable dramatic power, while other parts were crude; such singing gives rise to a variety of opinions in an audience; you might overhear quite contradictory ones all about you in the intermission.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS was in excellent condition, more at home in all her music than before, and sang the very trying Alto parts to great satisfaction; there was only the drawback of slightly imperfect intonation in one or two notes which soar above her natural range.

The great success of the evening was that of Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, particularly in his superb delivery of the Air "Ingemisco," but also in his artistic and expressive rendering of the Tenor part throughout. He was in remarkably good voice, free from the huskiness which sometimes besets him, so that the clear, ringing, rich and golden quality of his higher tones asserted itself to great advantage; the high B-flats were glorious. Mr. Adams is a thorough artist,—in style, phrasing and enunciation a model among tenor singers. The charm of these qualities will long outlive the freshness of the voice itself.

Mr. JOHN F. WINCH's noble bass voice is as fresh and musical as ever; all that he had to sing was carefully and tastefully done; but he lacked fire in comparison with the others, or was not quite in his element in that very Catholic and fiery music. And perhaps it may require a different character of voices altogether, differently trained, and native to that element, to stand out with sufficient positiveness in much of that concerted music, so complicated as it is, so difficult, and continually taxing the extreme limits of each voice, and leading two voices widely apart, as in the Duet *Recordare*, for Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano. Another practical difficulty both for solo voices and chorus lies in the frequency of passages in unison. (This is the old

Verdi, as we knew him in *Ernani*). The unison must be absolute, the pitch without an infinitesimal shade of difference, in order that such passages may sound well, and not coarsely, barbarously, as in the monkish monotone familiar to all travellers in Italy. It must be confessed, however, that Verdi has introduced this monotonous recitation, or chanting, with very clever calculation of effect in the *Libera me*, making a grateful and reposeful contrast after so much bewildering, fatiguing crash and coruscation.

THE CECILIA gave its first Concert of its third season on Monday evening, November 25, and repeated the same on Friday evening, at Tremont Temple. The friends and Associate Members of the Club were out in full force, and the choir, carefully composed of good voices of both sexes, were in force to meet them. The singing was excellent; the tone collectively was resonant and musical, blended in due proportions, and the fine body of sopranos sounded remarkably fresh and pure and sweet. The repetition was even an improvement on the first performance. But the programme was hardly so felicitous as this Club has usually had to offer. It would seem as if the laudable and painstaking effort to bring together an appreciable variety of things new and old had been a little too obliging.

The performance of the first movement (*Allegro Vivace*) of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, arranged for eight hands on two pianos, made an enlivening and agreeable Overture as it were; and it was played with life, precision and fine, crisp staccato by Messrs. SUMNER, FOOTE, PRESTON and FENOLLOSA. Hiller's part-song, "Sunday," has artistic, quiet beauty, without marked individuality, and was well sung. The four little Italian Canons by Hauptmann were nicely sung by the three Soprano voices, Mrs. JENNIE PATRICK WALKER, Miss MARY BEEBE and Miss ITA WELSH; yet somehow—perhaps from the want of a certain sympathy of quality in the voices—one missed the charm they had when first sung two years ago in one of the Symphony Concerts; and, if we remember rightly, even then the repetition was less fortunate, showing how much these little things depend for their success on the auspicious moment; this time they nearly found it in the repetition.

The *pièce de resistance* of the programme was "Toggenburg," a gruesome German ballad (not our old friend the Ritter Toggenburg of Schiller, for whom one can feel human sympathy), composed by Rheinberger. A proud, ferocious Count marries the lady Itha, loving her after his fierce fashion, and there is wedding music, rather rich and somewhat original, though in a low tone of color. There is much ado about the ring he gives her and solemnly enjoins it upon her to faithfully preserve while he is gone to fight the Turks. But alas! the lonely bride falls asleep one day as "she sits by the casement weeping," and a thievish raven (another *Gazza Ladra*) steals it from her finger. A huntsman gets possession of it; quartet and chorus warn him he had better hide it; the Count, returning, sees the glittering thing, slays the huntsman outright and without word or question hurls his wife down from the tower. Of course there is afterthought and remorse, and there is now a funeral where there was a wedding feast. What musical inspiration could any composer develop out of such literally raw material as that! It takes our new school geniuses to attempt such subjects; the older masters preferred themes more natural.

The opening strains are pleasing and awaken expectation; the melody is pathetic, and both melody and harmony have a rich, quaint, old ballad-like suggestion. But it soon grows monotonous, at least in the expression, and you feel as if there were no reason why it should come to an end at one place rather than another. The Duet about the ring (Mrs. Walker and Dr. Bullard); the Alto solo (Miss Welsh) describing its capture by the raven; the Quartet (by the two ladies with Dr. Langmaid and Dr. Bullard) relating the catastrophe; and the select chorus of women: "On mossy bed her gentle form reposes," were all nicely sung. The piano accompaniments, for which alone "Toggenburg" was written, were shared between Mr. Preston and Mr. Lang himself, who showed his artistic sense and power in this as well as in the direction of the whole.

Part II. opened with another eight-hand piece: "Les Contrastes" by Moscheles, which always makes effect when played so well as it was by Messrs. Lang, Sumner, Foote and Preston. A Chorus of Reapers from Liszt's "Prometheus" followed,—one of the lighter and more graceful movements from that strange work. If it is pretty it sounds also common, with its unvarying figure of accompaniment; here and there you feel that it might have come right out of a Denzetti opera—say some *Favorita*.

Mendelssohn's simple and pathetic song, *The Garland*: "By Celia's Arbor," was sung just as it should be by Miss Ita Welsh, with a voice of organ-like roundness and continuity of tone, and with true style and feeling; the encore was irresistible. Leslie's Madrigal: "Thine eyes so bright" handles the contrapuntal ways of the old madrigalists quite cleverly; for two thirds of its length it is really interesting; but he keeps on developing the formal shell at great length, long after all the meat is exhausted. The movement of the voices in the imitative parts was very distinct, smooth and even.—Finally, the March and Chorus: "Twine ye the garlands" from "The Ruins of Athens," though comparatively commonplace for Beethoven, and needing the scenic surroundings and procession to justify its repetitions, was to our sense refreshing for its wholesome strength; you felt the lion even there; and it was good after so much artificial striving by the *Dii minores*.

The Cecilia have some of the best sort of stuff in their repertoire for the coming concerts of the season.

EDOUARD REMENYI. Close upon the heels of Wilhelmj came another famous violinist, the Hungarian patriot and impassioned, genial musician, who has been so much written about by Liszt and others, and about whom so many anecdotes and reminiscences have met the eye in every newspaper since he came this time to America:—for he has been here before, as a youth, when the storm of revolution drove him an exile to these shores in 1850. But then he did not play in Boston. This time he gave us but a single evening, Nov. 20, when the Music Hall was well filled with an eager and a sympathetic audience. The programme was of somewhat the same mixed character with those of the Wilhelmj concerts, the selections averaging considerably better. It was this:

Overture—"Ilka,".....Doppler
Recitative and Air—"Judas Maccabæus,".....Handel
Mr. W. Courtney.
Polonaise—"Mignon,".....Thomas
Miss Hannah Grace Sterne.
(Accompanied by Mr. Peteralea.)
Aria—"Che farò," from "Orfeo,".....Gluck
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Concerto for Violin—Andante and Rondo,
Mendelssohn
Mr. Edouard Remenyi.
March, from the "Wedding of Nefassa,".....Södermann
Hungarian Fantasia—For Piano and Orchestra,
Liszt
Mme. Julia Rivé-King.
Solos for Violin—
a. Nocturne, in E♭, Op. 9, No. 2.....Chopin
b. Melodies heroïques et lyriques hongroises, "
Transcribed by E. Remenyi—first time in
America.
c. Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1.....Chopin
Transcribed by E. Remenyi.
Aria—"Qui la voce," I Puritani.....Bellini
Miss Hannah Grace Sterne.
English Ballad—"Tell me, Mary,".....Hobson
Mr. W. Courtney,
Ballad—"Absence,".....Alfred Pease
Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Violin Solos—Capriccios, Nos. 21 and 24....Paganini

The little orchestra, rather sleepily conducted by Herr DULCKEN, played the fresh and pretty Hungarian Overture and the accompaniments moderately well. Mr. COURTNEY, the English tenor, unfortunately for his first appearance here, had a bad cold; yet in the Handelian trumpet Air: "Sound an alarm" he made a most favorable impression both by the clear, round, ringing quality of his voice, his excellent declamation (reminiscent of Sims Reeves) and his artistic singing. We may hope much from him in the *Messiah*. Miss STERNE has acquired considerable execution and, for a pupil, has made good progress in the rendering of such trying music as the "Mignon" polonaise and Jenny Lind's great concert aria: "Qui la Voce." The latter was the more successful of the two. But she is as yet too young, too slight and undeveloped, her voice, too slender and almost childish, and her style (if style there be) too crude for an appearance on so formidable a stage; there

is talent in her doubtless, but its time has not yet come. Miss PHILLIPS sang "Che farò" in her own large and noble style until near the end, when why should she spoil it by hackneyed Italian ornamentation and cadenza? In such a melody simplicity is beauty.

REMENYI stood before us quite another type of man from the tall, dignified Wilhelmj. A short and genial-looking man past middle age, smiling and full of *bonhomie*, quick and mercurial in movement, he seemed one who had always been on the best familiar terms with everybody (except his country's oppressors), and might pass very well for a good hearty priest or abbé. The fiery nature did not all at once appear. He played the Mendelssohn Andante all through in a quiet, pure and even style, with perfect intonation and the cleanest execution. But when it came to the Finale his soul kindled, and his bow flew as if swayed by a power invisible behind or above himself. He took it at a most rapid tempo, yet all was perfectly distinct; and the rhapsodical fire and passion which he threw into it carried all before him. There was manifest a more exciting player than the other in a popular sense; one more readily appreciated by the many; one whose appeal is more electric, more directly to the feeling, though there may be full as deep and even deeper feeling underneath the Beethoven brow and grave face of Wilhelmj. He was recalled in a storm of enthusiasm, and then played one of the pianoforte Nocturnes (No. 4) by John Field (who gave us the first models of that form) transcribed by himself for his instrument with piano accompaniment. This was exquisitely delicate, refined and subtle in his perfect reproduction, the very poetry of Art. His Chopin pieces were most fascinating in his sensitive yet strong delivery, and the Hungarian melodies were of course stirring and full of the national fire and quaintness. Remenyi captured his audience that night completely.

A great addition to the concert was the remarkably finished, brilliant and effective piano performance of Mme. RIVÉ-KING, who has gained in all respects since she played here before. Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia was marvellously well done. And for an encore she did well to give something in greatest contrast to it, familiar yet evermore poetic and select, the *Berceuse* of Chopin, which she interpreted with charming grace and tenderness.

—We could not wait for the ballads and the Paganini pieces.

More remains behind:—Sherwood, Orth, Wilhelmj again, Symphony Concert, etc., etc.

THE BOYLSTON CLUB starts off this year with a chorus of nearly two hundred voices. Among the works to be given this year are Bach's Motet in B-flat, a beautiful work in four movements for double chorus, and of extraordinary difficulty. It has never been performed in this country. Handel's Utrecht "Jubilate," for solos and chorus, will also be presented for the first time in this country. Palestrina's "Messa per i Defonti," which created so profound an impression last year, will be repeated. Besides these larger works, the club has in preparation choruses and descriptive choral ballads by Rheinberger, Raff, Rubinstein, Hauptmann, Franz, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Cornelius, (a new and talented writer for voices); an anthem by Purcell, a new choral hymn with organ accompaniment by Brahms; Longfellow's "Bells of Strasburg," with Liszt's setting; new songs by Gade, Herbeck, Södermann; madrigals of the old English school by Wilbye and others, folksongs, etc., etc. As will be seen, the club is determined to surpass even the splendor of its past record. Its efforts last season raised it to the foremost place among organizations of its kind in this country, and the members are enthusiastic in their efforts to sustain the position they have achieved. This enthusiasm, this singing for the music and for the love of singing, is what imparts such life and color to the work of the club, and make it possible to accomplish the amount of labor it performs every year; for the programmes, which are long, are made up almost entirely of new pieces. These pieces are translated and published by the club, and it is now issuing, in a neat, cheap edition, lovely choruses and part-songs of all descriptions, which are finding their way over the country in large numbers, thus assisting to replenish the failing stock of that class of music, and cultivating a higher and more refined taste generally among those who are devoted to part-singing. The club, consisting as it does of a splendid and separately drilled male chorus, with its auxiliary chorus of ladies, also separately trained on another evening of the week, affords the largest scope to form interesting and varied programmes. It is intended to give male part-songs of the best, and the combination of both male and female voices in mixed chorus. The club has proved beyond a doubt that male part songs are heard at their best when they have the setting of female part-songs and mixed choral work. When the object of a musical organization is in the interest of true music, and its motto is ever "onward and higher," it deserves the most cordial admiration of all who have the deeper interests of art in view. It becomes an educator, and, consequently, an object for gratitude.—*Gazette*.

THEODORE THOMAS has announced the programme of his symphony concerts in Cincinnati. They will be twelve in number, taking place on Thursday evenings, with a public rehearsal in the afternoon of the day preceding each. The chief feature of each concert will be of course a symphony, which will be accompanied by other works of a varied character. The symphonies which are to be performed during the winter are one by Haydn, Mozart (G-minor), Beethoven (Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 6), Schubert (No. 9, in C-major), Mendelssohn (No. 3, Scotch), Spohr (Consecration of Sound), Schumann (No. 4, in D-minor), Rubinstein (Ocean), Raff (Im Walde), and Brahms. The programme for the first concert (Nov. 7) was as follows: Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Air, Bach; Overture to Genoveva, Schumann; Serenade, Volkmann; Symphonic Poem, "Hunnenschlacht" (after Kaulbach) Liszt.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. Professor Blodgett is giving a series of historical recitals to his classes at the Music School, Pittsfield, Mass., at the first of which were given selections from Frescobaldi, (1601-65); Arcangelo Corelli, (1653-1712); Henry Purcell, (1658-95); Domenico Scarlatti, (1683-1740); Handel, (1685-1759); Sebastian Bach, (1687-1750); Carl Bach, (1714-82); Ernst Bach, (1722-81); Clementi, (1752-1842); Eberlin, (1757-85); Cherubini, (1760-1842). On July 7 23 his oratorio class, numbering seventy picked voices, assisted by the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, of Boston, and Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Florence Holmes, and the Messrs. Winch, as sole quartette, will give Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The Pittsfield music loving society feels greatly indebted to Professor Blodgett, and is looking forward to the oratorio as the musical event of the winter. Professor Blodgett has associated with him an able corps of instructors; among them several eminent Boston musicians. He has three hundred and fifty pupils this season—a proof that his efforts to secure the best instruction are being appreciated. The school is now held in a beautifully constructed building on the estate of the late General W. F. Bartlett. Occasional lectures are delivered on the kindred arts; thus recently Professor Pratt, of Williams College, lectured to the school on "The Art of Painting." Pupils' soirées are frequently held, and altogether Professor Blodgett's enterprise is contributing much to the social life of Pittsfield.—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

The Swedish composer, ADOLPH FREDRIK LINDBLAD, who died at Löfvingsborg on the 23d of August, has, since 1831, been president of the Swedish Academy of Music. His first publication, a book of songs, entitled, "Der Nördensaal," was brought out under the supervision of Mendelssohn. Among his most important works are the opera of "Fron-dörerne," first performed in 1855, and the cantatas of "Drömarne" and "Om Vinterqväll." Many of his part-songs and choruses were sung by the Scandinavian singers at the Paris Exhibition in the Trocadero Hall recently.

A DOUBLE KEY-BOARD. The piano pupil of the present day finds difficulties enough in his way towards the achievement of even moderate success in his art to tax his best powers and to occupy most of his time for years; but if the London *Musical Standard* is correct in predicting that a piano recently invented is to become "the piano of the future," the pianist of the future will find his task a far greater one. This new instrument is provided with a second key-board, the scale of which runs in an inverse direction from that of the usual order; that is, it ascends from right to left. The object of this second key-board is to facilitate the playing of the passages that now require the crossing of the hands, instead of which operation the second set of notes are to be used, the hands playing apart from each other. An ascending passage for the left hand, for instance, is played on the old-style key-board, to almost the centre of the piano, then continued by playing backward on the other board, and so with passages for the right hand. The increased power thus given to the musician in the execution of difficult music is obvious, but the corresponding difficulty of learning to use it to advantage will be discouraging to many already skilful pianists. It requires, for instance, a triple score, and the confusion of playing alternately backward and forward will be something requiring much patience to become accustomed to. The new instrument is a French invention.

REMEYNI, the great violinist, has a brilliant record for bravery and gallantry as a soldier, having enlisted in 1848 and served in Hungary's heroic struggle for independence, and being made aid-de-camp of General Görgey, when the latter was made commander-in-chief. A companion-in-arms says: "We all loved and admired Remenyi so much that we used to drive him away from the fields of battle in order to spare the world a masterpiece of creation in music. Incidentally, I will mention that on the 11th day of July—one of the bloodiest Austro-Russian and Hungarian battles—Görgey forbade Remenyi to follow us. Remenyi followed us, nevertheless, and appeared among us in the white heat of the conflict. Görgey, on noticing him, ordered two hussars to drag him off the bloody field under arrest." When a little lieutenant of sixteen summers, Remenyi used to delight the old veterans by his playing on the violin, and make their hearts brave for the next day's fray.

Wilhelmj.

The various schools of violin-playing have led to some divergent points. A passing notice of these schools of art seems necessary to a proper understanding of the subject of our notice.

First in chronological order and first in its grand results stands the Italian school. It points proudly to its long list of notables, conspicuous among whom were Corelli, 1653-1713, whose works are to this day prescribed as essential study for every aspirant for musical fame; Tartini, 1692-1770, who lengthened the bow, and may be said to have founded the modern methods; Pugnani, 1727-1803, the devoted pupil of the former, and master of Viotti, 1753-1824, the last but not least of the exponents of this grand school. Paganini, although Italian, could not be classified with the preceding, for he was altogether an exceptional phenomenon, and narrowly escaped becoming the head of a school of his own. Ole Bull, one of his ardent admirers, and imitator of many of his faults and of some of his beauties, is with us yet; although passing into the sere and yellow leaf, he sustains his reputation with a vigorous tenure. The merits of the Italian school are a breadth and richness of tone unapproached if ever imitated by the others. Grand dramatic effects are aspired to and attained, the feelings of the hearer are stirred to their utmost depth by a rushing flow of penetrating sounds, and the heart responds by sympathetic throbs.

The German school has aimed at and reached a faultless technique, which defies the acumen of the sharpest critic; the tone is pure but not large, and, the style of music performed being saturated, as it were, with *Poesie und Fantasie*, reverie and metaphysics, as opposed to a purely sensuous character, the result is an appeal to the intellect rather than to the passions, in other words, to the head rather than to the heart. The Belgian and French schools somewhat resemble each other, both being noted for brilliant virtuosity. We have heard in America some eminent exponents of the latter schools in Artot, Vieuxtemps, and Wieniawski, while the Italian school has been represented, with us, by Sivori, a pupil of Paganini. The German school, for several reasons, has been made more familiar to Americans, and, although the genius of our people leads to admiration of a larger tone and a more demonstrative manner, we are being slowly educated to an appreciation of the salient points of excellence in it, and we find even enthusiasm occasionally displayed at the performances of Wilhelmj, who with his twin-brother in art, the great Joachim, develops all the beauties and merits of his school to the entire satisfaction of the connoisseur. At the same time, it must be admitted, there is a pressing desire in the heart of the American amateur for a broader coloring, a freer distribution of sunlight, for instance as displayed in happy contrast in some of Hamilton's marine views, a little less of the neutral tints and weird scenery of the Harz Mountains.

We have associated with Wilhelmj the name of Joachim, who has never been heard in our country, because both artists have studied under the same master, Ferdinand David, who, however, according to the impression made by him on our mind, was of a more masculine mould than either of his pupils, who, as our memory serves us, in the case of Joachim, resemble each other in many traits—individual as well as professional.

It is not thought well, in the canons of criticism, to judge by comparison, yet sometimes contrast may do us a good service in elaborating a description, as for example we would place as antipodes, what the Leipzig critics call the charlatanism of Ole Bull, and the Puritanism of Wilhelmj. In fact the latter is an apostle of high art, pure and undefiled; in his bearing he is dignified and manly, scorning to prostitute his art to mercenary or unworthy purposes. Taking for granted all our previous suggestions as to school, national taste, and so forth, and refraining from indulgence in technical details, we sum up our estimate of Wilhelmj by asserting in few but comprehensive words, that he is a truly great artist.—*Progress, (Philadelphia.)*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
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E minor. 4. c to g. 60
Aria. Here must the Smugglers dwell.
(Qui del contrabbianier). Eb. 5. E to b. 60
Duo. Speak to me of my Mother. (Parle
moi de la mere). G minor and major. 5.
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Very pleasing set of waltzes, with marked mel-
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A sparkling waltz, which, as it is easy, is just
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This, with the song of a similar title, are ar-
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neat waltz.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C,
Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the
highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below
or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key
of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line be-
low, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

